

Press-Herald

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A Point of Beginning

Results of Tuesday's municipal election need only to be certified Tuesday night and those elected stand to repeat oaths they have all taken before to make them official and binding.

The results really surprised very few of the veteran observers — in fact, any other outcome would have surprised many of them. Although voters have decided to keep all the incumbent councilmen on the job, it need not necessarily mean that they expect the "business as usual" sign to be hung on the city hall.

Throughout the campaign, a number of challenging suggestions were made by the candidates, many of them worthy of serious consideration by the city councilmen.

We offer our best wishes to all of the successful candidates and ask only that their deliberations on the city's problems be guided by their desires to best serve the people of Torrance.

Homage to Johannes

Today isn't Johannes Gutenberg's birthday as far as we know, but it could be. With lawyers asking us to observe Law Day, pickle manufacturers making us aware of National Pickle Week, and merchants promoting Christmas buying throughout the whole year, we ask you now to pause briefly to think of Johannes Gutenberg, the father of modern printing.

Gutenberg wasn't a trouble-maker on purpose. He was an aristocrat and master craftsman. But it happened that he invented the type-mold, making movable type possible, and this opened up a real Pandora's box of problems which have bothered civilization ever since. For movable type vastly simplified the printing and dissemination of ideas.

Feudalism had already started to crumble in Gutenberg's time, but it was the hammer-blows of ideas that brought the walls tumbling down. It was ideas printed on paper which proved valuable to trouble-makers everywhere. Voltaire, a trouble-maker par excellence, helped speed the French Revolution with thousands of pamphlets. English printers, in the late 17th and 18th centuries, spread ideas which liberalized their country. Oratory men in the American colonies, such as Tom Paine, spread the gospel of liberty with news-sheets and pamphlets. Ideas printed on paper brought men new ways of thinking of themselves and their futures. Ideas made men dissatisfied with their lot, making them demand change.

The world hasn't been the same since men in large numbers started to read about public affairs. Government officials everywhere have never been altogether happy with men who print their ideas on paper and distribute these pieces of paper for other men to read. The air has always been full with gossip, rumor and chatter. But thoughts on paper stay there. They can be read over and over again by many people, and the man who wrote the thoughts can be held to account for what he wrote. Printing is the thinking man's medium; print, the ideal way to put over complex ideas.

Bertrand Russell said in "Why Men Fight": "Thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions and comfortable habits; thought is anarchic and lawless, indifferent to authority, careless of the well-tried wisdom of the ages."

We're in the business, and so is every newspaper, of putting thoughts down on paper. Nobody has put a laurel wreath on our editorial brow lately, nor given us a testimonial dinner. There are unquestionably some good citizens of our community who would stand in the street and cheer if our walls came tumbling down. That's par for the course.

We'll lay the blame to Johannes, and recommend that each year on this day we all stop to think what a happy, peaceful, controlled, feudal place this might be, if the man from Mainz hadn't started experimenting with that type-mold.

Opinions of Others

Maybe our readers think that the Eagle is too critical of Washington, D.C. But if they'll read the following editorial, which was printed in a recent issue of the Portland Oregonian, they'll see that at least this item doesn't make any sense at all. "With one hand, Uncle Sam writes a health warning on the cigarette pack, while with the other he offers a smoke for its 'pure joy.' The quote is from the Agriculture Department's new cigarette promotion film, suggestively titled 'World of Pleasure,' premiered in Washington, D. C. . . . At a cost of \$106,000, Agriculture prepared the film to promote sales of U. S. tobacco abroad."—John Day (Ore.) Eagle.

Our faith and hope have been placed on the intelligence and interest of our citizens, and our government has been guided by them. Because of this the government will serve us well only if its citizens are well informed. Our system of government has proved that the people will find their way to the right solutions when given sufficient information.—Waldoboro (Me.) Press.

Today the United States government is almost totally an executive and judicial government, with emphasis on the growing power of the executive. The President alone can decide today whether we will enter into a large war in Asia—a frightening thought when one thinks back to the unlimited and war-making powers of absolute rulers in western history, some of whom abused that power. Humans being human, some Presidents will make mistakes or will abuse this same power, and it is surprising that more voices have not been raised in the republic against the growing foreign policy authority of the chief executive.—Palmer (Alaska) Frontiersman.



SACRAMENTO REPORT

Amendment Seeks to End 'Extraordinary' Nonsense

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL, Assemblyman, 46th District
 At midnight Monday, the 1966 Budget Session ended without the passage of the Budget Bill for the fiscal year which begins July 1, 1966. This means that the Governor will call us into Extraordinary Session (special session) for the purpose of passing a budget bill.

We are already operating under the First Extraordinary Session which will be continued. This may seem strange to those not familiar with the operation of our unwieldy State Constitution but it is entirely possible for seven Extraordinary Sessions to be in operation at the same time.

I tried to end this nonsense by the introduction of my Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 12 last March 24. This is intended to do two things: (1) Provide for annual sessions of 120 legislative days, excluding Saturdays and Sundays; and (2) at the same time eliminate the budget session, thus making it possible for anyone to introduce a bill on any subject each year without the approval of the Governor.

As the Constitution now exists during a budget year, such as 1966, only the budget bill, revenue acts necessary to implement the budget, the approval or rejection of charters and charter amendments of cities, counties, and cities and counties, and acts necessary to provide expense of the session can be enacted. All other bills must either be on the agenda of a special session called by the Governor or receive his written permission.

I shall be surprised if my Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 12 passes through both houses of the Legislature and goes to the ballot for the vote of the people. The reason is that

many Assemblymen and Senators want a "package" amendment to the State Constitution, one that will include my amendment and at the same time an amendment increasing our present salary of \$500 per month. They seem to believe that if my proposed amendment goes to the ballot along with a separate amendment for a salary increase the people will vote for mine and reject the other, leaving us with our present low wages.

I agree that \$500 per month is not adequate compensation for the amount of work we do, but I also realize that the minute we talk about increasing our pay a big argument will break out all over the state.

As every high school student is supposed to know, the salary of the U.S. Senators and the U.S. Representatives in Congress (commonly called "Congressmen") is set by themselves without amending the U.S. Constitution. For example, a few years ago the salary of a member of the U.S. House of Representatives was raised from \$27,500 per year to \$30,000.

I have several close friends in the U.S. Congress who formerly were with me in the Assembly. They tell me that their work is much easier in Washington, D. C., than it ever was in Sacramento; that they have more trained personnel in their offices; a vastly larger allowance for supplies; and, of course, the franking privilege which allows them to send out all the mail they want, including garden seeds, without stamps.

I am convinced that I do much more work for \$500 per month than the average Congressman does for his princely salary, but even if this is true, how much do you think the members of the California State Legislature should be paid?

Morning Report:

In a world of quick change, it was comforting to everybody that England didn't. But now, alas, she too is slipping into the mainstream.

Four headlights for the Rolls-Royce — just like an American compact — was bad enough. But now, alas, The Times of London is dropping its front page of classified ads for spot news. Apparently even over there, people now can't wait to find out the latest world calamity.

Probably even worse is the reassignment of two Army privates from the Duke of York's steps in London. Soldiers were first posted there in 1815 to hold the Duke of Wellington's horse — both of whom are long gone. But even a phantom horse for a phantom duke can mean more than a pile of peeled potatoes created on KP duty.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

This Mild-Looking Diner Really From Outer Space

Meet the People: This mild-looking man from Palo Alto, dressed in perfectly ordinary clothes, was quietly eating crab salad at Enrico's Coffee House, but the way people kept stealing for a look at him, you'd have thought he was from outer space. Actually, he's from farther out than that: not only has he been many times to China, a country that, in the view of our State Dept., doesn't exist, he recently returned from HANOI in North Viet Nam!

He is Felix Greene, an importer (and cousin of Novelist Graham Greene) who holds both U. S. and British passports and produced the documentary film, "China."

He was in Nanking when he was cleared to visit Hanoi. "It all came as such a surprise," he went on, "that I didn't have my movie equipment with me. Just a still camera. A shame. Hanoi was not at all the city I expected. Just an overgrown village. They say they have 500,000 people, but most of them live in shacks, huts. As an industrial city, it's a joke. Couple of bicycle factories, steam plant. Put them all together and you wouldn't cover a San Francisco city block. Most of the consumer goods come from China. The anti-aircraft guns are Chinese — World War II style, very unsophisticated."

He went on: "The people, though, are dedicated. Everybody, women included, has a rifle. They expect to be invaded. We can't beat them up there — meaning in the air — but we can beat them here," on the ground. While I was outside Hanoi,

American planes kept coming over to bomb a tiny bridge—no bigger than this room. You see, they don't have many targets. They keep knocking the bridge out and it's rebuilt the same day. Such a poor country. It's a real David and Goliath story."

Performance: Brooks Atkinson of the N.Y. Times,

San Francisco

the all-time dean of U. S. drama critics, dined at Chez Marguerite here the other night. After studying the menu, Atkinson asked Waiter John Smithers: "What exactly is this grenadine of filet mignon with sauce Bordelaise?"

"Well, sir," began the admiring Smithers, "our Gallic chef de cuisine selects a magnificent filet of U. S. choice designation and deftly grills it to your precise specifications, evenly searing in its precious fluids and delicately browning its marbled contours. At the proper instant he conveys it to a heated salver and, with a skill worthy of a great surgeon, brilliantly scalpels it into generous slices, caparisoning them with an ambrosial sauce Bordelaise and that seldom found life source—bone marrow. This is accompanied by secretly enhanced vegetables and—"

"Enough, enough!" cried Atkinson. "Gad, I've sat through first acts on Broadway that didn't run THAT long."

Girl Talk: On TV, Actress Vera Miles and Gypsy Rose Lee were comparing notes

on how they broke their three-packs-a-day smoking habit. "Y'know," Vera said, "I used to spend the first hour of the day just coughing. The only reason I finally quit is that the cigarettes kept getting wet in the shower. For the first year, I did nothing but quit smoking. Somebody would call and ask what I was doing and I'd say 'Not smoking, that's what I'm doing.'" Gypsy, nodding sympathetically: "I took up knitting like a knitwit. The first two months, I knitted eleven sweaters for my son. Now I'm looking around for a way to kick the knitting habit."

WORLD WAR II jokes are around again (bad sign) including the one about the GI who wrote so many love letters to his girl that she married the mailman. . . . And Davy Jones, over there in Tokyo, claims he met a Japanese woman who's so rich she has an American gardener. . . . Les Crane, who married Tina Louise April 3, will have a short honeymoon. Not only has he nalled down a co-starring role in the movie version of Norman Mailer's "An American Dream," he'll return to his old haunts at the hungry i in May. . . . Add reasons for staying away from Phoenix, unless you're a Giant: if you wear a tie into the Pinnacles Restaurant there, the waiter captain whips out a pair of scissors and snips it off. Clever. . . . Unlike most show people, who are sentimental as hell till it comes to money, Comedian Bill Cosby hasn't forgotten that Enrico Banducci gave him his first big break.

ROYCE BRIER

Buddhist Demonstrators Hold Key to Ky's Future

Prophecy is a tricky business in the news, particularly when founded in the caprice of street mobs.

Notwithstanding, certain vague patterns appear in the behavior of demonstrators, today a common phenomenon in backward nations the world around.

Unless street demonstrators are soon placated by the regimes they are demonstrating against, there is cumulative danger to the regime. If mobs fade away here, but appear elsewhere the next day, the peril is close.

What the speakers at demonstrations say, what the leaders say is their intent, is not definitive. Such pro-

nouncements are often tactical, to gain time or advantage. Moreover, factional leaders may only appear to be at odds with one another, and demonstrating masses easily get out of hand, and act, or appear to act, in defiance of leaders.

For several years we have witnessed the uncertain play of these forces in the political turmoil of Asia and Africa. A current example is Indonesia.

World Affairs

In general, if demonstrations occur several times a week, a final blowup is indicated. The trend is there.

In this light, and with due caution, it is submitted here that premier Ky's regime in South Viet Nam is in deep trouble. There is no sign the trouble can be dissipated by mere promises, or that the regime itself can be saved for any considerable period without radical change.

Recently Premier Ky and his council dismissed a provincial department commander named Thi. It provoked immediate protest demonstrations, and re-emergence of Buddhist forces to lead the protest. In Viet Nam, the Buddhists constitute a political faction, and it was they who led massive demonstrations which ended in the fall of President Diem, November, 1963.

The demonstrations over Thi continued for a week, despite Thi's personal appeal for restraint. Buddhist leaders then took up the chronic demand for elections, which are inimical to the continued power of the Ky junta. Catholic leaders joined in the demand.

Ky had said he favored elections, set for late 1967. But Buddhist pressure compelled him to advance the election date to early 1967. Buddhist leaders have disclaimed intention of overthrowing Ky, and indicated a compromise pact with Ky which would include Buddhist elements in the Ky regime. It is these mollifying attitudes which are entirely unreliable, and give evidence of being tactical moves. There appears to be a rivalry for Buddhist power between a Tam Chau and Tri Quanh, but even this is suspect as a screen for real Buddhist intentions.

In this superficially pacific atmosphere, a crowd of 2,000 attended an anti-government rally at Da Nang, north of Saigon, and 10,000 milled about the city hall at Hue, the old capital. The latter carried some anti-American banners which have not before been prominent in Viet Nam demonstrations.

You are entitled to consider this continued turbulence under a conciliatory surface as lacking in significance. The writer does not so consider it.

WILLIAM HOGAN

There's No Corn-Pone in This Funny Tarheel Tale

A few seasons back a young North Carolina writer, Reynolds Price, produced a first novel, "A Long and Happy Life." This was a Tarheel love story (the girl's name was Rosacoke, one of those names you don't forget). It drew very good reviews, yet the audience for it remained small, as it does for most bucolic fables by Southern writers, of whom there seem to be so many. Would Price, who now teaches English at Duke, progress as a novelist beyond his promising debut?

"A Generous Man," his second effort, shows that Price is more than a one-shot performer. This is a delightful charade, again concerned with members of the rural Carolina Mustain family. The time is a few years earlier than that of "A Long and Happy Life." Rosacoke is here (age 11), but her brother Milo, a lusty 15-year-old, is the central figure in this inventive, funny account of a few days in the life of a precocious Tarheel lad.

The idea, on the face of it, is less promising, for a tale of Southern adolescence is dangerous, overworked ground. But this is neither corn-pone fiction nor one of those long-faced Southern narratives filled with pseudo-lyricism by writers more concerned with imitation of the Eudora Welty style than with the story they often fail to tell. Here

Price exhibits a humor that it almost Faulknerian, in the sense that "The Reivers" was Faulknerian humor. It sings with speech rhythms and a colloquial patois that appear to be authentic, and one's total impression is that Reynolds Price is one novelist who will remain in business.

One section of his book is particularly memorable—a hunt through some woods led by a sheriff's posse, for a lost child; a presumed mad dog named Philip and a 13-foot python named Death. It is difficult, in this space, to suggest the com-

plexity of Price's narrative. But the python belongs to a traveling carnival lady whose niece young Milo discovers at the county fair. Philip, the Mustian dog, chases Death into the brush—and when one attempts to suggest the situation, it becomes more absurd than the author's straightforward account of it.

Beyond this action, Price is describing Milo's turbulent search for love, or passion, or whatever one might call the stirring juices of adolescence. He does this with subtlety and style, where a less talented writer might have settled for burlesque, or worse, some large psychological reading.

Price may have a series going here, like the Glass stories of J. D. Salinger. He has staked out a territory that is all his own. Most of all, his novel is lively, lusty, affectionate, preposterous, entertaining and well done. That is good enough for me in an age when the half-baked novel is the norm.